THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SIMEON DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON SIXTY PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1674.

Original Poetry.

LINES.

IN THE DEATH OF ---- -----,

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A YOUNG LADY OF PHILADELPHIA;

A DEAF MUTE.

... can it be, that thou art gone, " our beautiful, our
... heave?
... feet-born, and me sole-ist, here we laid thee in
... the grave?
... dearest treasure of our home, the love o every
... one;
... thee were breathed our youthful hope—for thee
... our fondest prayers—
... not thou gone in youth's bright prime, life's sun-
... most, happiest day?
... that the spring and beautiful, so soon should
... pass away
... converting ! ! ! and murmuring word—be still,
... oh, heart! will cease!
... Father's hand hath stricken us! He doeth all
... things well.

Lored thee too cruelingly? we were too glad,
... too proud,
... never word or deed of thine our hearts in chasten-
... had bowed.
... wrinkled tongue, the upright mind, the open
... heart were thine;
... Patient heart, the spoil hath spoke out in every
... line.

... Kindly from thy blue eyes' depths, the loving
... soul shone forth
... we loved thee all too proudly, for, alas! thou
... wert of earth.
... Oh, that! sent we this promise bright hath rolled
... Our Father's hand hath banished me-the deeds of
... things well.

... Meet one hope for after life, we thought when
... we gave
... young strength thy sainted soul, our dear-
... est—took thee to love thee, for thy counsel that
... ever thought
... the falling voice of life should all be were
... thine,
... the shoulder close our dying eyes with tender-
... ness and care.
... Thy spirit look each murmuring word, and calm
... the heart's wild swell.
... Father's love shall comfort us! He doeth all
... things well.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

BY EMMA D. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "DESMOND," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BONNET.

Fate, with its keen and poisoned dart,
The horror of the mortal pang!
The suffering soul, the broken heart,
The fear, the doubt, the anguish pang.
He sleeps at last in peace.
Whittier.

Whole way to the cell, the prison requested the warden to be left alone with the doomed man for a few minutes. The request was granted, well pleased to be relieved of the ... of attending Father Goodrich to the ... of execution, and witnessing the painful ... Therefore, on arriving at the cell, ... Father Goodrich entered, admitted the ... closed it, and turned the key. When Father Goodrich entered the cell, which was lighted by a single window, he found the prisoner on the outside of the bed, without his shoes, sitting with his head bowed, and apparently time to notice the pain, emaciation ... of the sleeper, always paler and ... than usual, and wearing the painful ... of the sweet and joyous spirit, before Willful ... sprung up, and with a smile beaming with ... and gratitude—

"Is it you, Father Goodrich? I thought ... a season; and I might leave the prison ... if it were ever so late! Thank you! ... you, a thousand times! You have saved ... some hours of tedious waiting."

... without seeing the portentous solemnity ... Father Goodrich's countenance, O'Leary darted ... road, and began hastily to draw it on, ... the arm-holes in his haste and impa... Father Goodrich, seeing the impossibility ... him to look around for his hat, and seized ... it by fallen under the table, extricated ... it—

"Wilful, Father, if there is any chance of ... I must see Willful before I go to the scaffold; ... it would take me all night to reach ... thousand quarter of the city where my family ...

"Willful!" said the priest, mournfully, ... that which I have to say to you!"

"Why, certainly!" cried the Marshal-boy. "Where is he?" said O'Leary, going to the table-drawer, ... searching for a little ebony comb and brush-... for his pockets, far too preoccupied with ... to observe the priest's sad manner, or the ... a single suspicion of the truth from the ... 's sorrowful tone and manner.

"Willful, my son, is not here!" said the Marshal hope the reprieve?"

"Now, you don't mean to say," exclaimed ... throwing himself down on the bed and ... a look of disappointment and exhaustion, ... he realized for the first time the fact that ... had been all night!"

"Yes, Willful!"

"Where, then is really too bad! It is ungener... he didn't grace to the very last moment—... a grace—and an act of justice to an inno... man; for it seems to me, Father, that ... must come for this reprieve an act of jus... for I do not know how any one can look ... face of an innocent man and believe him ... to forgive to me much ought to be an ... evident."

"It is not—it has not ever been—ok! would Heaven it were!"

"I would so, too; but, Father! about this ... reprieve? Will it be here early in the morning?"

"No, William."

"Good Heaven, Father! It cannot be! no, ... be true! They cannot be so cruel as to ...

"No, William," said the priest, as if he would not vary from those two mechanical words.

But then O'Leary's face grew ashy pale, his eyes assumed a wild expression, following to the side of Father Goodrich, he caught his hand, and gazed in speechless agony in his face, faltering out, in a dying voice—

"What do you mean?"

"Heaven pity you, William, there is no reprieve, nor will there be any."

He reeled back to his chair, and fell into it, groaning.

"Oh, Nelly! oh, mother!"

And no word was spoken between them for several minutes. At last he spoke,

"Do they know it?"

"Yes, they know it."

"And—they—how do they—how—?"

"You mean how do they bear it? Nelly, you know, is 'meek and lowly in heart;' she prays, but does not rebel—and the Lord will wipe all tears from her eyes—he comforted, for Nelly, my poor son, all will be well with her. Think of your own soul's welfare."

"But, mother! ah! mother—"

"We must pray for her. I must take charge of her. Leave her to God. Leave all earthly affections and cares to God. Think only now of your salvation—think only now of Heaven, my son!"

With a sudden burst of uncontrollable emotion, the unhappy young man, exclaimed,

"Oh! it was cruel! it was cruel! It was atrocious! It was damnable to deceive me in this way! To let me go on to the last, expecting a reprieve! preparing to live; and then to hand down this sudden death upon me—to whirl me into eternity without a moment for preparation —without a moment for self-recollection! It is killing body and soul together! And they have no right to do that, if I were guilty!"

"My poor, unhappy son, whom do you reproach? Whom do you call *they*?"

The people who deceived me to my perdition with the hope of life; the Governor, who will not reprieve."

"The people deceived *themselves* through their benevolence, as you, my unhappy son, deceived *yourself* through your hopes. Forgive human weakness and human error—all except your own—and turn with me to Heaven—"

"Oh! but I am *guiltless*! Must I die a *guiltless* death?"

"Would it be easier to die a guilty one? as you might have died? As any of us might die, for all are subject to the same temptations? Do not think only of the wrongs you have *suffered*, or are about to suffer; think only or the wrongs you have *committed*, and of your need of forgiveness."

"Oh, God! Father! how can I think of anything else when my heart is swelling—is bursting with his sense of this horrible injustice?"

"Do not let your anger burn against *any* fellow-creature, Willful. Neither another life against *yourself*. Forgive, for *they know not what they do*." He, the sinless Son of God, in the supreme hour of His anguish forgave His tormentors. Are you not also forgive your mistaken judges: they *know not what they do*. Let me read to you the last words of Jesus to His Father on earth, just what you want now," said the priest, and he went to the table and took up the Bible, and brought it, and sat down on the bed near O'Leary, and turned to the 23th chapter of Matthew, and beginning at the 33th verse, with the deeply affecting account of Christ's agony in the garden of Gethsemane and His arrest, and trial, and crucifixion; he read slowly, pausing and commenting upon those divine passages and so much the better and more fitted to be instructive and penetrable as the most tender woman, Willful O'Leary listened with the profoundest attention, and at the last words—when Father Goodrich looked upon his face, the young man's eyes were closed, and his head bowed over his hands, and putting his arm around William's shoulders, he motioned him silently to kneel down at the bedside, and joined in prayer for that Divine mercy for the prisoner which is never asked in vain. When they had risen from prayer, William was composed and fortified, and the priest went to the door and gave the signal for it to be unlocked.

More than a half hour—more than an hour had passed—before the warden came, and announced; and when the door was unfastened, it was not by the warden who had left the lobby, but by a turnkey, whom he had ordered to bring in his meal.

And when the door was opened, and a rush of air came into the cell, the priest stepped back to the rear where William O'Leary had thrown himself, and he said in a low voice—

"I am going now to bring your mother and wife to see you. They are waiting in Mr. Thomas's room, and are prepared for all. Be commanded yourself, William. If you feel your fortitude failing, lift your heart to Heaven for strength, my son—"

"Do not fear—I will be firm, by the help of God, Father."

Father Goodrich pressed his hand and left the cell. Then the turnkey, under the warden's room, he found Norah standing midway the floor, with an eager, almost frenzied look from her eyes, and Nelly sat at a table with her arms thrown over it at full length, and her head bowed upon them.

"You have told him, Father?" asked Norah, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, my daughter, and he bears it with the resignation of a Christian. Imitate his pious fortitude, my dear woman, rather than distress his last moments by tokens of your feelings. He is ready to see you," said the good priest, and going to Nelly, he touched her on the shoulder, saying, "Come, my child! come, my poor girl! let me go with you to William!"

Nelly lifted up her head and wiped the tears from her watered cheeks, and joined her mother; and they followed Father Goodrich out. He conducted them to the cell, and they were admitted for an hour, at the end of which time the warden would return and call them. The prisoner would be allowed for the night. When they entered, they found O'Leary and his dog, locked by the side of the cot. He remained in that position a few minutes, as if to finish his prayer, then he arose and kissed the dog, and by the superior power of the whole party, by throwing herself upon his neck, bubbling of tears, and all the passionate issue of grief. Norah stood leaning against the wall for support, and her bloodless face, and her compressed lips, and ghastly countenance, spoke of a despair so deep and utter, that the passionate grief of Nelly seemed but a childish grief beside it. O'Leary gave all his attention to the task of soothing Nelly, and succeeded in a few minutes. A new word he spoke, and every ear was for it, and every eye was upon a fresh fountain of tears and sobs. At last,

"Speak to her, mother," he said, "do speak to her, and try to quiet her."

Norah came to her side and took her away, and when she had set her down in the chair at the foot of the cell, she said, in a deep, hoarse voice,

"Nelly! Ned! If you loved him truly, you would not distress him so! Keep back your tears, women! Them will be scarce enough to shed them afterwards, when they can have no body."

With a low contralto, suffocating sobs, poor Nelly swallowed her tears, and seemed to control herself.

"Dearest mother, do not talk so, you must go, also!"

"And do you think that since they will kill you, my boy, that any power, on earth or in hell, shall take me from you? No! no!" she

Our Picture Gallery.

A WHALE TAKEN OFF FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.

A few specimen of "the Fin Whale," measuring 50 feet in length, 30 feet in girth, and estimated to weigh 20 tons, was taken, dead, about five miles off Folkestone, by one of the fishing boats of that place, and brought into the harbor. The whale had been a-sea and fired at, a few days before, by some Sandgate fishermen; but it is presumed to have died of the wounds then received. As it was quite dead when picked up. The fishermen sold the carcass for £70, to Mr. Marsh and three others, who realized a considerable sum by the speculation.

Humorous Sketch.

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A BENEFIT.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

Actors' benefits are proverbially so hectic. There is generally more money lost than gained by them. Crisely, a lover of some repute in 1818, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was asked what sort of a benefit he had had? "Oh! capital. I only lose thirty pound the year. I lose very little by it, and I gain five pound the benefit. *Ah well!*" But of all the benefits none ever surpassed the one which Williams, of Kidderminster, was advised to take. He is known to this day as Benefit Williams.

The poor fellow, like most actors, was full of ambition. He was confident he only wanted a chance to be a second Kemble. He had long played country lovers, and considered himself a genteel comedy. His greatest parts had rarely exceeded three or four lines. He was the "Charles" in all the farces, or the "Frederick, his friend," who has to stand with the hat under his arm, and laugh at the facetious jokes of Scamplington, or Alfred Melville, or Sir Lumsden Dudwell; or whenever the author wished a person to look pleased without his exactly knowing why. The young man is his depth, and when he has once got a reading, praising, and encouraging. Norah, not to vet the poor prisoner and his mother, had left the room, and was standing by the door, and Nelly, who was sitting on the bed, heard every word. But she always refused, telling him to read it to himself, and to tell her what it was. She refused to remain with me to the last, Nelly." And he gently unclasped her arms from around his neck, and kissed her face and bathed her priest.

Father Goodrich came, and they all knelt and got all together—*except Norah*—she, insensible to distress them, knelt, but did not pray. And it was well they could not see her face, so full of anguish and rebellion. At last they arose, strengthened and comforted—except by God—and Nelly, and Norah, and Father Goodrich left the cell.

A few minutes after it's, the turnkey's tap at the door warned them that the final moment of separation had come. The priest went to the door, and spoke a few moments with that officer, and then returned to the group, and began preparing over as soon as possible—the money it was done, and time. She stooped down to lift her bonnet, which had fallen from her head, and *rocking* in his dream the *journey home*—the long anticipated, earnestly desired journey home—in a moment, with a sense, just awoke by the sharp sun, and the silvery pebbles in the

"He is happy! He is free! He lives! Why should he ever wake to captivity and shame and death? Oh, if we could but follow him to Heaven! For he is prepared for Heaven! Oh, if now his pure and happy spirit would be set free to fly to Heaven! What a painless, blissful death we had! Why should it not set him free? I, who gave him life! I, who love him! Ah, but they would call it murder! Yes, but the execution to mercury will be a more cruel murder! Yes, but if I do it they will hang me. Well, *let them*—they may hang me now, in his place, if they would let him live! *I will do it!* Ah, but if I do I shall go to hell! Yet, but I am not sure of that! I do not set his spirit free to save it from the agonies of death! *I will do it! I will do it!*

And all this time the maniac mother was nervously fumbling in her bosom, and drew out a dagger. Her face was deadly white, and fearful to look upon; her eyes glazed upon the sleeper till that gaze of insane but deathless

"One quick, strong, sure blow, and he is free! It must be quick, strong and sure, in his sleep! I know that blow will be certain! I am weak and cowardly to let him wake to suffering. I know that he is prepared for Heaven. I know that blow will send him there without suffering, and I know that if I do not settle this blow, he will wake to agony, shame and death as certain. *Why do I hesitate?* I would give my soul to save him from suffering! I would give my life to save him from suffering! *Why do I pause?* I will do it! I will do it! But there must be but one blow! I can strike but once, and that must go home—home!"

And she bent over the dagger with her right hand, she ran her left hand softly into his bosom, and felt lightly about until she felt his heart beating under her fingers. She drew her breath quick and hard, like a panting panther; she held the dagger upon the beating heart, she raised the dagger, but let it fall again, and cast herself upon the floor.

"I cannot, *cannot* slay my sleeping child! No, not to save him from the agony and the shame!"

The tones of her fell and her cry did not awaken the sleeper from his "deep dream of peace;" but it aroused the turnkey, who got up, yawned, stretched his length of limb, and looked down from the door, to relieve his stiffened muscles. Then he stooped, and in a hushed voice—being unwilling to awake his charge—begged Mrs. O'Leary to get up and compose herself, and take comfort; but he might as well have reasoned with a wild animal in its prime, for the compassion and his efforts and reasoned his seat. And Norah half-lifted herself from the floor, and dropped her head upon the side of the cot. And the deep sleep and sweet dream of the prisoner remained undisturbed, and the turnkey, who got up again was heard the distant, muffled sound of banging, and of his (since) cheerful work in the prison yard was done with a reserve. No one heard or understood the import of the sound but Norah. Finally, the turnkey rose in his deep sleep, and the woman in her deep grief, when both ceased—the silence of the night alone, a little after daybreak the prisoner awoke, at first naturally and calmly: then, with a sudden, vague sense of some terrible, immediately impending calamity, and then came the swift, sharp pang of memory, and then the struggle for self-collection and composure. The good priest was already in the lobby, waiting for his customary matutinal visit to the prisoner, but who entered the cell with his calm benediction. Norah lifted her anxious head, and every face turned deathly. The great hatchet was already boring on his gloomy watch in a corner. Norah sat apart, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her fierce eyes fixed upon vacancy. William O'Leary sat as the stand, with a boot and shoe open before him. But ever and anon his eyes wandered uneasily from the page to the foot of his mother, and more than once or twice he rose and went to her weeping mother and sit by her, and let his head to her the sympathetic sorrow of his mother, but only. But the always refused, telling him to read it to himself, and to tell her what it was. She refused to remain with me to the last, Nelly." And he gently unclasped her arms from around his neck, and kissed her face and bathed her priest.

Father Goodrich came, and they all knelt and got all together—*except Norah*—she, insensible to distress them, knelt, but did not pray. And it was well they could not see her face, so full of anguish and rebellion. At last they arose, strengthened and comforted—except by God—and Nelly, and Norah, and Father Goodrich left the cell.

A few minutes after it's, the turnkey's tap at the door warned them that the final moment of separation had come. The priest went to the door, and spoke a few moments with that officer, and then returned to the group, and began preparing over as soon as possible—the money it was done, and time. She stooped down to lift her bonnet, which had fallen from her head, and *rocking* in his dream the *journey home*—the long anticipated, earnestly desired journey home—in a moment, with a sense, just awoke by the sharp sun, and the silvery pebbles in the

"He is happy! He is free! He lives! Why should he ever wake to captivity and shame and death? Oh, if we could but follow him to Heaven! For he is prepared for Heaven! Oh, if now his pure and happy spirit would be set free to fly to Heaven! What a painless, blissful death we had! Why should it not set him free? I, who gave him life! I, who love him! Ah, but they would call it murder! Yes, but the execution to mercury will be a more cruel murder! Yes, but if I do it they will hang me. Well, *let them*—they may hang me now, in his place, if they would let him live! *I will do it!* Ah, but if I do I shall go to hell! Yet, but I am not sure of that! I do not set his spirit free to save it from the agonies of death! *I will do it! I will do it!*

And all this time the maniac mother was nervously fumbling in her bosom, and drew out a dagger. Her face was deadly white, and fearful to look upon; her eyes glazed upon the sleeper till that gaze of insane but deathless

wild beasts, and the fatal moment arrived. Mr. Williams was announced, and he walked on the stage, and was received with a tremendous shout of welcome. He bowed his thanks, and then, with a look of the most intense anxiety, he commenced his address.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure you will excuse me if I am nervous, for I am about to make the most important speech of my life. I am about to ask you to do me a favor, which, if granted, will make me the happiest man in existence. I am about to ask you to allow me to take a benefit."

Here the conversation stopped, when, after a few more steps, Gordon cried out to his companion, "I say, Williams, don't read so much upon the side—you will certainly split both of my boots."

"I wish, as a favor, you would not say my benefit; you don't know how that lady stared, when she heard you!"

"But come, I ask you, Williams, if, after paying my way to town, as I have done, I am not to see them rotted under my very nose, as you are doing?"

"Well, then, that's enough," exclaimed the poet and the subject dropped again.

They had been ruminating how much the house would hold, when a watering-cart came near the pavement, and took all the polish off Williams's left boot.

"On my word, it is too bad!" ejaculated Gordon, loud enough for persons on the Calton Hill to hear him, "there's another of my boots gone—my right boot is all covered with mud, and the left one is wet through and it's no use to crack. I'm sure, if the boots were your own, you would not use them so carelessly."

"But, my dear fellow, did you observe, when you lent them, that I was going to wear them on my hands, like a pair of gloves?"

"I didn't imagine any such d—d ridiculous thing!" answered Gordon, getting quite angry; "and allow me to say, sir, I think a gentleman need not be so very sensitive when he is wearing another person's boots!"

"Come, Gordon, why will you be so provoking! I'm half afraid you do it on purpose. Why will you keep screaming out that you've my boots! at every corner?" Do you want all Edinburgh to know you have lent me a pair?"

"I don't care a pinch of snuff, sir, as much as I please, for the boots are mine, and if I lent them to you, I didn't lend them to be wilfully spoilt. I know what it will be; when you return my boots, I shan't be able to wear them."

Poor Williams was in a terrible state. The small crowd had collected round them, and he was afraid lest he came on at Gordon's request that some juvenile god in the gallery might ask him,—"Who stretched another man's boots?" The interest consequently in Mr. Herod's grumbling, till at last he broke out:

"Here, Gordon, I have had enough of your boots. I would never walk beneficed three miles after the host was in the world to throw his boots in my face as you have been doing for the last half-hour. You may have your boots back again. I'm very sorry I ever put my foot into them;" and he walked back to Gordon's rooms, being reminded at every inch of the way that the poet's boots were "mine own."

"Forget, as a gentleman, what was due to a pair of boots which were not his own."

The next day the friend had thrown off his temper, very wisely, and Williams was entertaining out with his feet reinstated in their own rights, (his boots, I have said, were odd ones) when he met Green, a fellow member of a Theatrical Club, where Kings, and Liston, and Mathews Cannes, and First and Second Roberts resort, after the performances, to smoke their pipes, and compliment, or abuse, one another upon their respective talents. Williams was delighted to see his friend back from Glasgow, and told Green that "he had never been so troubled upon both before in all his life."

"I would much sooner perform," he exclaimed, theatrically, "with nothing on my face but the original cork and burnt, than have been in the anxious stage of the Drama, than have been a heavy-built fellow like myself, and never one again, so probably as he has done today."

Green was the most good-natured fellow in the world; he was proud of associating with actors, and was only too happy to render them any little service he could. He had seen Mr. Herod at home, and begged Williams would come and choose a pair for himself. In this way walk in them where and how you please," he said, in the kindest manner, to Williams, who was busy pulling on a pair of boots that won't bear me complaining like that surly fellow, Gordon."

The two friends remained gaily through the hour, Williams bounding so lightly that he could not be, walking upon India-rubber, and Green laughing more than all Scotland laughs on the most fashion occasion, quite happy in the luxurious feeling which good-natured people enjoy in conferring a favor. Williams was full of thanks. "I cannot tell you how much I am indebted to you, Green; you are a real friend—a friend in need, indeed. Good-by, remember the person of it every minute in the most humiliating manner."

At 11 Oh, the much happier in conferring a favor," commented Green, "than in receiving one. You can walk so you like, Williams; don't be afraid of the pinches. Don't you be alarmed because they are my boots. Come, let me see you walk across the street, go where the mud is the thickest. I shan't mind it a bit, not I! But I can tell you, my dear fellow, you look uncommonly well in my boots."

"For pity's sake, my *dear* Green, don't say my boots!"

"Don't you be frightened—leave me alone—I only mentioned that to convince you that I am not like that stingy fellow, Gordon. Oh, you can do as you like in my boots; walk over the streets, if you prefer them. When I lend a pair of boots, I lend them for good—uncondi-

tionally."

"You're too generous, Green, by half," said Williams, who was ready to call for New York, seemed some additional luck. He happened this evening to be taking a stroll by the river side, and remarked young Grogan gazing wistfully on the waters.

"Hallo! youngster!" cried he; "would you like to take a trip across the Atlantic this fine weather?"

The youth started and looked up. We do not know what reply he made, but it certainly was not in the negative, for before two days had passed, Parkinson Grogan was stepped on board the Ajax; and his weeping parents, after giving him their parting embrace and blessing, continued their vigil on the wrestling side that been near their only boy.

Ten years passed on, and the Grogans heard nothing of their absent one; they believed him to be dead, and mourned for him as only parents can mourn. And were of another kind came on them. The father, one day, in shoving a piece of timber, cut his hand severely; he did not at first attend to it properly, and the pain and inflammation in a few days became so great that a fever ensued, and his life was in danger. After a long illness, he began slowly to recover, but continued for some time unable to work. All his savings were expended, and he found himself and his wife reduced to the utmost poverty. Sometimes the poor invalid, when nothing but weeping and sighing met his ear, would endeavor to sing a merry song, would say, with tears in his eyes,

"Ah, if our poor Ned could only have continued himself at home, what a help and a comfort he might be to us now!"

Then his wife would turn her weeping eyes towards a handsome lounging on the wall, and her son had placed there the day before he sailed, and say,

"God bless you, good, James; let us try and be resigned to His holy will."

And so they would continue, when they were nearly removed, he was sent for by a rich and benevolent gentleman residing in the neighborhood, to execute some trifling jobs in his house. The gentleman's clothes were as old and worn, that he was in the habit of wearing when he worked at the door of a handsome dwelling. His employer, however, received his most kindly, and ordered him refreshment before he would allow him to begin to work. After the poor man had partaken of a hearty repast, Mr. ——— called him, and said:

"I want to hang some dead tablets and bells in the drawing-room; I am fond of music in the drawing-room,—one of the window frames is strained, and I want to have it settled. Come, I will show you the room, and when you have taken off the shoes at the threshold, entered a more splendid apartment than he had ever seen before.

"Wait there for a moment," said Mr ———, "I will send you some slippers, and then you shall come in."

Grogan took short thin. At first he felt bewildered by the splendor of the furniture and the richness of the carpets, but he soon recovered himself. He also remarked several paintings; but one in particular arrested his attention. It was a large picture, and was in a very rich gilded frame, and the old man started when he gazed on it. There he saw his own likeness standing by his wife's side, everything in it drawn with the most perfect fidelity, as it appeared on the well-remembered evening when he bade his parents and his friends rather encourage than disturb, that he might hear the band belonging to the British Stage. Never since benefits were first established for the gain of managers and the comfort of actors, was there known to be such a useful benefit as that of poor Benefit Williams!

Selected Articles.

THE PAINTER OF CORK.

In a carpenter's workshop adjoining a small house situated in a suburb of the city of Cork, a lad of fourteen was standing one day about three years ago. He was tall for his age, and slightly made, with handsome features, and dark, intelligent eyes. One of these eyes, however, was in reality a glass eye, which, though it was a perfect imitation of the other, and was so carefully painted as to deceive the most practised observer, was yet destitute of sight. The loss of that eye, and the consequent disfigurement of the countenance, had been occasioned by a severe accident which befell the boy when he was only two years old. He was playing with a companion in the street, when a heavy cart, which was passing at the moment, ran over the head of his little playmate, and crushed out one of his eyes. The child's mother, who was looking on from the window of the house, but had no refund, besides all the money he had received (mainly from compassionate persons who had seen him in the gallery for weeks afterwards), and has never considered seeing what he made his "benefit" at all. The figure of the boy appeared in the foreground, but his face was not seen; for it rested on his arms, which were folded on the table he was looked, and whose most prominent object was a large book, open before him. On the left hand and right hand were pots, filled with different colors, and a pallet and brushes, till his return, was broken by a rough voice behind him.

"Paul, Ned! lilling as usual, and staring out of the window, instead of finishing the table for Mr. Wilson. You know it must go home to-morrow, and it is not finished yet."

The boy sighed deeply, and without replying, turned his head, and a ruddy, honest face, with a kind mouth and dark, intelligent eyes, looked slowly towards the working-bench. The person who addressed him was his father, an honest, hard-working mechanic, who, after watching for a few minutes the industrious occupation of his son, returned to comfort him and his wife in their old age.

Since the last night of Nathaniel Grogan, he had passed through many vicissitudes. He had been reported dead, and all the usual ceremonies of a wandering life, and suffered many of bitter privations, so often, in other circumstances of life, the lot of thousands, but he felt almost ready to be down and die. How he managed to live, and the extraordinary means which led him to forsake his parents and his country; can be shown from returning to them in the manner we have described, is a history of adventure and romance. He rowed in himself that he would achieve honor and competence on his return, and he had kept his word. The first part, through his own perseverting endurance, and the disinterested kindness of some rich countrymen whom he met in Australia, he was enabled to keep. Having realized some money by the sale of gold-dust, he purchased a passage over to his native city, recommended to the kind and powerful patronage of Mr. ———, a merchant of great wealth, and returned home after an absence of more than nine years. Grogan occupied the cottage in which his parents had formerly lived, and his father, which the lapse of years had failed to efface from his memory. Like the patriarch of old, he had returned to his own country—

"Built my father yet fire it?" said, like him, he found it standing, and his parents living. Like the patriarch of old, they received him with joy. "I am indebted for my good fortune," he would say, "to my boots" at all. You don't know how it lasts me!"

"Well, there, that's enough; I'm sure I did not mean to hurt you, and I won't say 'my boots' again."

"And you are saying it again—"

"Well, I don't mean it, and I apologize most sincerely if I have ever said 'my boots.'"

"There you are, crying it out once more; you say you have not a pair for Willie, and Williams was red in the face, and bright legs made a convulsive movement upwards as if his boot had been searching for some particular spot on which to rest its agitated petrel. "Are you determined, Green, to insult me, by letting every passer-by know the secret of my wardrobe?"

"No, my dear Williams, nothing can be further from me than my thoughts. I only wish you should feel I am not like that Gordon, who kept alluding to his boots, as if you were honored by wearing them." (the indignant leg rose a trifle higher.) "Now, I'm sure I've had you with the best impression in the world—"

Williams was red in the face, and bright legs made a convulsive movement upwards as if his boot was

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

...ance, but believing him a modest, sensible, well-meaning man, I mentally, but cordially joined in the "vivas" of his subjects. To-night I leave for London, via Ulm, Strasbourgh, and Paris. As ever yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the...

THE CHINESE WAR.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS IN EUROPE.

Clippings.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

New Publications.

HALF-MARRIED.

THE FAIR PORTER.

MARRIAGE OF BALZAC.

ROMANTIC STORY.

SELF-DECAPITATION.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

Miscellaneous.

THE BEE.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853.

General News.

THE THREAT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Raymond, the Frenchman arrested in London for sending letters to the Prince de Joinville, offering to assassinate Louis Napoleon, has had a hearing and been held to bail. The prisoner was probably under some derangement of mind. He said he had been for a long time suffering from ill health, which occasionally affected his intellect. He had been an inmate of the hospital at Southampton, where his hair was partly shaved off. Under these circumstances, and for the sake of his wife, he implored the mercy and consideration of the court. The letters he wrote were read.

In the first letter, after dwelling upon the interest which he took in the welfare and happiness of the Prince's family, and the feelings of hatred which he entertained, in common with his oppressed countrymen, towards "Napoleon the Little," who had deprived the Prince and his family of their just right to the throne of France, the writer proceeded to say:

"I leave for Paris. My journey is for you, and for you alone. I swear it on the grave of my mother and father. My life is a burden to me. I cannot suffer it, my Prince. My wife, who is seventeen years of age, I wish to place under your protection. I have found an asylum for my voyage, and she consents. But the poor child will be the only victim of my project. I do not sleep. I must alone take charge of the infamous wretch. He and his people must perish. It is a terrible thing for me to be an assassin, but it must be, if I sell my last shirt. I am now writing in the absence of my poor wife. I must hasten to finish. May you read in my heart the sentiments I have for you and your dear family. Adieu, my Prince. All I desire is, that you may soon be upon the throne making the people happier, and all France loving you."

In the second letter, there is the following passage:

"I again take the liberty of writing to you these few lines, previous to my departure. I have collected the little money due to me, but it will not suffice in carrying out my views. I alone undertake to blow up the tyrant and his accomplices, and all those around him. I will give my best guarantees for the advances you might make me. I leave my furniture—I leave my wife, who is possessed of the value of ...,000 francs, besides her venue in a business...

POLITICAL NEWS.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—LOUISVILLE, August 18.—Further returns of the election in Tennessee, show that five Whigs and four Democrats have been elected to Congress. Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has a majority of 2,216. The State Senate stands 13 Democrats and 12 Whigs, and the House 44 Whigs and 31 Democrats.

TENNESSEE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.—The following is the Congressional Delegation from Tennessee in the next Congress:

First District.—Brookens Campbell, Dem. Second District.—W. M. Churchwell, Dem. Third District.—Samuel Smith, Dem. Fourth District.—Wm. Cullom, Whig. Fifth District.—Charles Ready, Whig. Sixth District.—W. Jones, Dem. Seventh District.—R. M. Bugg, Whig, gain. Eighth District.—Felix K. Zollicoffer, Whig. Ninth District.—Emerson Etheridge, Whig. Tenth District.—Fred. P. Stanton, Dem.

IMPORTANT.—We lay before our readers, from the Department of State, a copy of a despatch received not long since from Mr. J. Nevett Steele, Charge de Affaires of the United States in Venezuela, in relation to a subject possessing unusual interest at this time. If the plant described in that communication is in fact a remedy for the frightful disease which is now desolating some of our cities, and which is an annual visitant, so unwelcome, and so destructive of human life, the information now presented to the public is in the highest degree important. Mr. Steele supposes that if the plant is not actually indigenous to the United States, it may be readily reproduced here under favorable circumstances. If so, its virtues as a medicine can, and we trust will, be speedily tested. We understand that the Secretary of State has directed a part of the seed to be placed in the hands of the Government Horticulturist in this city, and the remainder to be forwarded to distinguished professional gentlemen connected with the Medical University at New Orleans.—*Washington Union.*

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Caracas, March 8, 1853.

To the Honorable Secretary of State:

SIR:—The annexed extract from a private letter of the British Vice Consul at Cindad, Bolivar, to the British acting Consul General at Caracas, giving some account of a recently-discovered remedy for the yellow fever, relates to a matter of so much interest to our Southern cities, that I have deemed it proper to send it to you. Its statements are confirmed by the testimony of several very respectable persons now in this city.

The "verbena" to which the extract refers as having produced such wonderful cures at Cindad, Bolivar, is, I understand, known in the South American flora as the "Verbena Brasiliensis," and spoken of by Humboldt as the "Verbena Caracasana." It is found in great abundance in the neighborhood of this city, where the nights are usually quite cool; and it seems, therefore, probable that if it does not already exist in the Southern parts of the United States, it would readily grow...

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

A SPLENDID NUMBER.

GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

ARTICLES AND CONTRIBUTORS.

MOONLIGHT WALTZ. Music. (Illustrated.) Arranged by M. C. Carlini.
SIR ROLAND GRAEME. (Illustrated.)
SONNET.—ACTION. By William Alexander.
THE RHINE AND ITS SCENERY. (Illustrated.)
SONNET.—NIOBE. By William Alexander.
THE PILGRIMS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD. (Illustrated.) By T. Buchanan Read.
THE OPERA HABITUE. (Illustrated.)
THE DYING HUSBAND. By H. T. D.
THE WITCH OF ESKISOONY. By Sam Slick.
HOURS OF SADNESS. By Sarah J. C. Whittier.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) one insertion, $2.00
" " " three months, $20.00
" " " six months, $35.00
" " " a year, $60.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

☞ *Any person remitting the Publisher the price of the following Book, will have it sent by mail, to any part of the United States, FREE OF POSTAGE.*

THE LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY! WITH A PORTRAIT

And a View of the Birth-Place of Mr. Clay.

In one handsome large octavo volume of 1,300 Pages, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt.

PRICE ONLY THREE DOLLARS!

Or Bound in Two Volumes, cloth, gilt, $3.50.

The work here presented is intended to trace clearly the career of Mr. Clay, from his entrance on the stage of public life down to the period of his death—mainly by the light of his own lofty, persuasive, and impassioned eloquence. Mr. Clay's parliamentary efforts, clear, direct, and vigorous, embody all the illustration that is needful to their full understanding—the great importance, variety, and indestructible interest of the topics he generally discussed—the character and ability of the orator, the direct and exact bearing of his arguments on the controversies and interests of the times—all combine to render his speeches among the most valuable contributions of Patriotism and Genius to the enlightenment and elevation of the American people.

JAMES L. GIHON, PUBLISHER,
No. 102 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Good active men, who wish to engage in the sale of the above work, will be allowed a discount sufficiently large to enable them to make a first-rate business of it.*

For full particulars, address,
JAMES L. GIHON, PUBLISHER,
No. 102 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Newspapers throughout the country giving the above a few conspicuous insertions, and calling attention to it, will be entitled to a copy of the book, deliverable at the office of the publisher, by sending him a copy of the paper. aug27-3t

ENTIRELY NEW GRAMMAR AND COMPOSER.

Knighton's Primary Grammar, 15 cents.
Knighton's American Etymological School Grammar, 40 cents.
Knighton's Young Composer, 40 cents.
These are decidedly the best works of the kind ever issued. Sent per mail. Address
ROBT. E. PETERSON & CO.,
aug27-eow 2m Publishers, Phila.

FRENCH PATENT WATER-PROOF OIL POLISH BLACKING.—For Boots, Shoes,...

Selected Poetry.

MEMORIES.

BY KATE ASHTON.

Come sit thee down beside me,
Beneath the pine tree's shade;
While gentle puffs of fragrant air
In the West now gently fade.
Let me shelter you from the sun,
And clasp thy hand in mine,
And tell of many memories
Of the present by-gone time.

The brightly glowing sun,
In yonder azure plain,
Looks down upon us lovingly
As a "guardian angel" fair;
And the birds and pleasant flowers
Their sweetest music raise
To attune to gentle music
My the mystery breath of eve.

I remember how in childhood,
When I gazed upon a star,
Needing to earth in holy light
From its quiet home afar,
I used to think that angels
Kept kind watch o'er the rest,
And then upon our pathway
The light of Heaven threw.

And when amid the forest trees
The low South wind I heard,
At the birth and heavy fragrance
Wet by its cool breath stirred,
I thought it had a spirit voice
Stolen from Heaven's dome,
To tell in gentle accents
Of its blue and starry home.

And every lowly flower,
That rose in fragrance up,
Bore a sweet voice from Heaven
Within its perfumed cup;
The storm that rent in waves down
In the forest dim and lone,
Seemed to me to speak
With its sweeping, rippling tone.

Those times that rent a link
Of our golden household chain
Had by death's reckless hand
Been rudely torn asunder,
But we gathered 'round the board,
And the fireside of home,
Without one longing wish
For a happiness to come.

But they have passed away,
Those pleasant by-gone hours,
And I now live them in my heart
With these amid the flowers;
And the quiet ones there sing
Around the whispering trees,
Grouped in Nature now:
By the sighing of the breeze.

For from beside our hearth-fire
Death's hand has passed away,
And cited us those around us
The light of their love's ray:
Save death's left behind a void
The sweetest of our band!
And closed those lone-lit eyes
With his unsparing hand!

Now has Time, as he flew by,
Lovely days, and seasons, and years,
Left their unlinched by sorrow:
Those unlinched with tears;
For when dark clouds are low'ring
And the sky is a brown, cross heart,
They would have lonely shadowed them,
All gone as those art.

Then in these twilight hours,
When all is hushed and still,
The memories of the "sacred past"
Our hearts with sadness fill:
We're at heaven's the gate of pearl
And out of the by-gone time
With my sons that thrown around me,
And thy warm hand's caged in mine.

Northern Tribune.

Selected Articles.

INCIDENTS OF A DAY'S EXCURSION.

One day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend bi-weekly, in the vicinity of Coney Island. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentleman, rather stout, ruddy, healthy, the pink of respectability, who was living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was pacing the deck with his master, or roamed among the passengers, showing them out of his way, frightening children, and evidently making their dams with envy, both by his great league, and contrasting nervous indian that he was going mad by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed their pranks with a fat smile, and seemed to take a pride to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his lively friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would be called here in America, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of means. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their ease in Langdon. Fashion were the prime objects of their every interest. But her sweetest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unsightly gambols of the dog. She was frightened dog, and her incessant and passive enthusiasm of indignation, and spite, against the great-natured brute, kept up the shy maidenless noise upon the lips of his apparently unconscious mistress. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the keenest alarm of the work mother, made friends with the monster, and for a long time seemed herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the disturbance of her arm, he never failed to accomplish, by making a boisterous jump to one side or the other; and when he had ate timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his sole against her till his element pushed her down, the little creature half frightened with delight. Her mother screamed, too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and which I have often noticed to anger at Lion's amicability.

"O Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad he'll bite Adelle as my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adelline: see what stain it is in! How dare you play with that dirty animal!"

This remedies from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he felt it was time to long and loud laugh.

"I rush, I said the lady, resignedly, "that you would cold away that nasty dog, instead of getting me to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable to the ears ranging before his master, and how he to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adelline, deprived of the attention which had fixed her attention to the tender of the boat, began to be discontented in watching the flaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and fastened her eyes upon the dog-like knit on a shawl which a fellow-passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned forward over the side of the vessel, in the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the incessant fidgets wrapped remotion which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was at the full, and the sun was in the zenith. passes of the river lay around us in all its tranquil and to those who have never beheld the fabulous of the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; ay, and if we please in the balance the historical, and romantic associations that crowd of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time" honored" will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the West.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adelline's pretty head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the monotonous whirl beneath her. A large steamer that was sailing from the port had caused a rough sea to run down it, and, then, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long race that was left behind the steamer. The boat's motion, which was in progress, further, further still her little nose was pinched and white, and her mouth was toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment an was confusion on board. Men were shouting for repeated loads, in sing the steamer; ladies were screaming, giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked cautiously in his master's face, and entered a short, but loud,

"What," said the latter in reply; "where was she last seen?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor, promptly, "there, beside that piece of wood."

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion, did look out, with wild, darting eyes, and tushe that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive—every other animal on board was still, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were not actually engaged in rowing, or rushing to the rear child, and those who could not see the water, keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. His panting tongue every now pulsed, as a quick-ne-wound hand was sent to assuage from the water. The child was fully had risen first, though, for he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was immediately perceived by Lion, or, thought he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master watched his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing his lips that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "If he has her!" he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adelline by the hair of the head in such a manner that her mouth was out of the water. "If he has her, and if he can!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of native sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gesticulations, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach the steps. Slowly he came, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, and encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Have you her?" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an elderly lady, who received her with a shriek, and seemed instinctively to recognize as a corpse, and by him carried below.

"Now, my lad," said the master, "you're a fellow!" and the sailor, returning to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But he seemed to have almost whimsical penalty, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he swimmed quite passive.

"Help him—help him! He is exhausted!" cried his master, hastily flung over himself. He crawled, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the boat the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. The poor animal became he crawled feebly up; and languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were extraordinarily useful, or the noble dog, from the kind but rough stimulations of the steamer's men under the superintendence of their master.

Both the invalids were convalescent; and Lion was shining up, somewhat with moist joy, only the caresses of his friends, when Adelline's mother came running up stairs; and throwing herself upon the deck, where before the dog's leg his affectionately in her arms, laid her cheek upon his head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who would not forget her former whipping remarks. "He'll make your pelisse in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eyes with an indignant remonstrance. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she began.

"Give Lion to you," he exclaimed in decision; "why, what would you do with him? I might tell you—I've had a good opportunity to see that he will be eaten up with disease, and so will you, and your child, if you touch him. Here, sir; you'll take Adelline to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the danger was over—"but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I a widow."

"I trust so," muttered the gentleman to himself, "or you are a widow!" His pet dislike to the mercantile Wallen seemed to that one widow is equal to twenty other women, and that it is not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her.

He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him again, walking leisurely with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way from Gravesend, and I have no doubt that each they had neither cast through the window, into the running water a single precious relic! What we could all this mean? He looked rather the cab till it was cut of sight.

"I think she has got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. "What a charming creature she is without them!"

MOUNT VERNON.

When Washington died, Mount Vernon was a beautiful spot. The house—the lawn sloping down to the river—the gardens—the roads—the grassy—the old trees—everywhere there was care and taste. For years afterwards, when visiting there, they were always in order. The chair in which he used to sit and write, the tumbler beside-piece and the key to the Bastile sent to him from France by Lafayette—all were preserved with reverence, preserved with jealous care by the family. Each visitor examining them with curiosity and with a large, a faithful and attached servant of Washington, who kept the key to the enclosure where his old master's body was deposited. He was his greatest pride and pleasure to talk by the hour of "Ross Washington," and to relate the incidents of his life and death. Then he would take you down to the vault itself, on which the door was long and massive, and he would be approached, his voice would assume a reverential whisper.

There was an air of quiet neatness everywhere. The hedging of some passing steamboat bell was the only sound that broke the silence. There was something every where to remind you of the respect due to the Grave where Washington lay.

Go to Mount Vernon now. After toiling up the long-paved hill you enter a wilderness. Gone is the shady entrance. There was a gate once, but it has fallen down, and you drive over it. The lodge that stands near it is in ruins—windows empty. The avenue to the house is overgrown with grass, and the house itself deserted. An air of hair an hour the superintendent, tired of waiting for visitors, has left the premises, and you are obliged to confess that the table had been turned to his disadvantage.

THE SCIENCE AND REMEDIES.—Now (said Mr. Abernethy, to a lecture upon the accidental employment of poison, and it occurred to us that we might profit by giving him some of our readers by presenting them with a brief and compendious list of the most common poisons, and the remedies for the same, to be at hand.

Arsenic.—Cause great heat, and sensation of burning pain, from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies—magnesia, soda pearlash, or soap dissolved in water. Those use the much pump or emetics.

Alkalies.—Remedy is vinegar.

Aniseed.—Remedy—lemon juice or vinegar, afterwards milk and water or flaxseed tea.

Arsenic.—First cause—the stomach by its acetic, then dash cold water on the head, and apply a mustard poultice to the stomach.

Arsenic.—Remedies—in the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, with the electricity of water, and the application of the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

Bleach.—Remedy—the white of eggs, or lime—alum, cathartic, such as castor-oil and opium salts, especially.

Cantharides.—Poisons by cachexy gas, or means the patient to open air, dash cold water on the head, and apply the mustard poultice and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time raising the chest briskly.

Corrosive Sublimate.—Give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Cyanide of Potassium.—Give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Hydrocyanic Acid.—Dash cold water on the head, and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time raising the chest briskly.

Hemlock.—Remedy—vinegar.

Henbane.—Remedy—vinegar.

Lead.—Remedy—Epsom salts or glauber salts.

Mercury.—Remedy—white of eggs and the emetics.

Mushrooms.—Remedy—vinegar.

Nitre.—Remedy—vinegar.

Opium.—Remedy—vinegar.

Prussic Acid.—Remedy—vinegar.

Savin.—Remedy—vinegar.

Spirits of Salts.—Remedy—vinegar.

Spirits of Vitriol.—Remedy—vinegar.

Spirits of Wine.—Remedy—vinegar.

Spirits of Turpentine.—Remedy—vinegar.

Spirits of Nitre